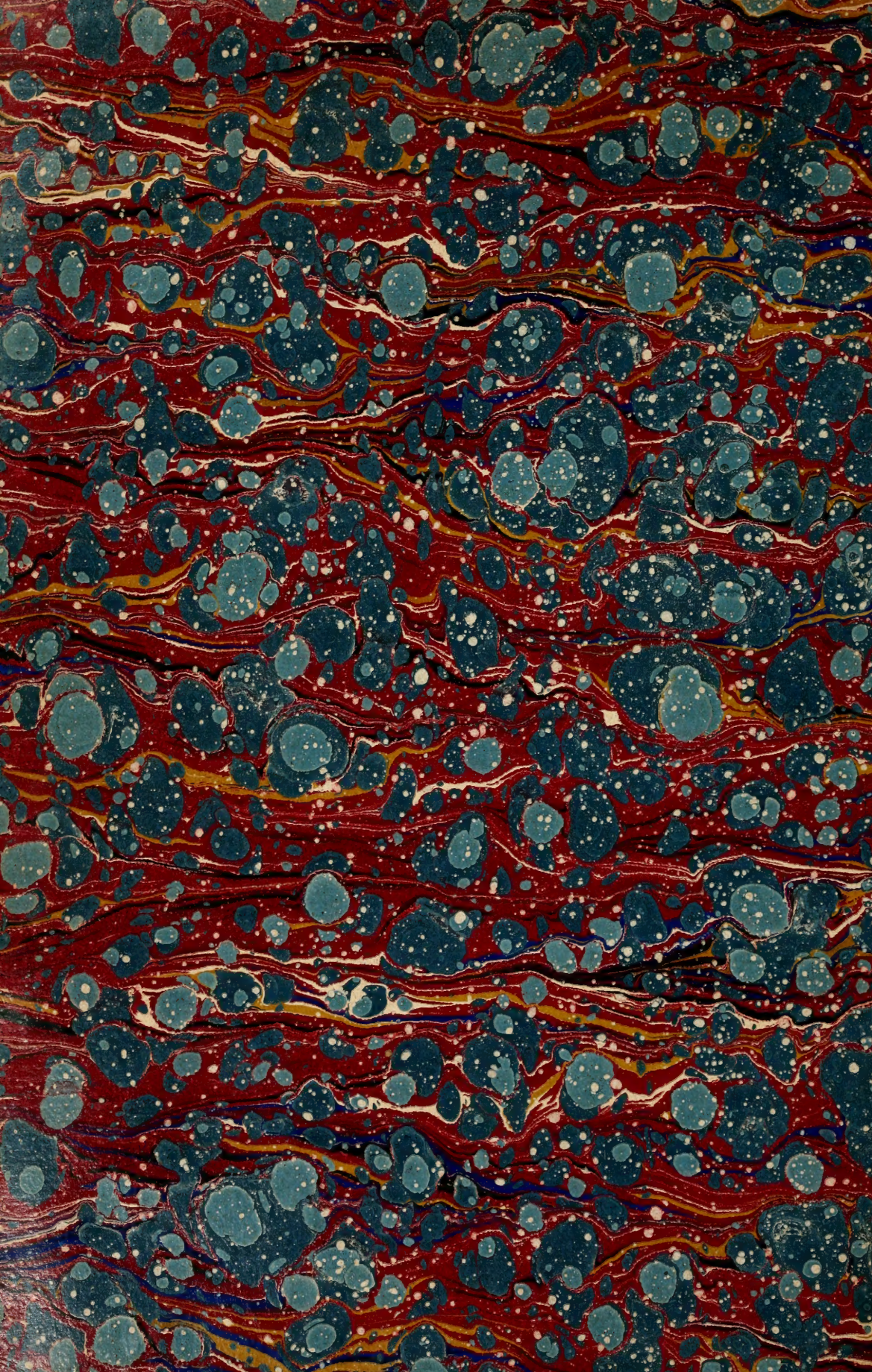

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The Onlooker

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

Vol. I—No. 12 TORONTO, APRIL, 1921 Price—20c.

For the People

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Yo El Rey

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THE ONLOOKER

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

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THE GREAT NECESSITY

WHAT the entire world is suffering from at this hour is an international blockade of credit, or rather of trust. Nature is just as bountiful as ever—streams flow, fields, forests and mines produce, the ocean is an open, free highway to all shipping, the harvest of the sea is only limited by human endeavor, science stands waiting to confer immeasurable blessings, and yet a large part of the world's industrial life is at pause. What is the cause of this unparalleled stagnation?

It is perhaps impossible to designate clearly and definitely the exact source of the world's present condition. The disruption of confidence is of such vast extent, on such a colossal scale that it would seem modest and reasonable to fall back upon the common conclusion and exclaim: "The War!" But such a solution seems too easy, and, in fact, gets us nowhere. The war was the remote cause, but the war is over, and we are in the third year of reconstruction. If the war were going on at this hour the explanation would suffice. One cannot deny the devastation wrought by an earthquake or expect to find the world quite the same after a deluge. It is, however, the peculiarity of human development that even great disasters are reacted upon by the race-consciousness and that adjustments take place with lightning-like rapidity. Prosperity or adversity, hope or despair, the true cause is always psychological. We are reacting to a new condition, and have not yet succeeded in the establishment of a firm foothold. What is really lacking is faith; faith, not in nature, but in the capacity of *human* nature to pull through.

The most of our writers and thinkers are still engaged in describing the stages of decline into the present *impasse*. We are told that what has happened is just what was to be expected. No doubt they are right. But what does not seem to have occurred to the average man at all is that we are face to face with a situation which calls for the sternest repression of egotism, the practice of the most stringent economy, the discountenancing of novel, untried social theories, the overcoming of selfish, predatory groups. The enemy to be fought is political disunion within; the reconstruction to be carried out the reconstruction of ourselves. No doubt a graphic and truthful description of the Descent into Hell would make very interesting reading; but once in hell, common-sense ought to suggest that,

while literary narrative has its charm and speculation as to a future earthly paradise its allurement, the discovery of a way out of our present misery ought to have a first charge upon our rational powers.

Like King Charles' head in the case of the immortal Mr. Dick, the war will be with us for many a day. It will loom like a vast, sinister Monadnoc in the imagination of future generations. It is possible that its shadow may be elongated into the next century. It may even cause an eclipse of faith. We may be on the verge of a period that shall be described by future historians as "The Breakdown of 20th Century Civilization." All this is possible, of course. So far as the remote future of mankind on this planet is concerned, prophecy may indeed fail, as it has clearly failed even in the case of the wisest touching the proximate future of the race. We have lived to be disillusionized. This may all very well be, but dwelling upon it as a ghastly contingency will not help us out of our present mess. Only one thing will help us, viz., trust in our capacity to endure and survive. Prophecy may indeed fail, we repeat, but as for knowledge, it shall *not* vanish away; and had the apostle known as much as we know he would never have written the sentence. Humanity is not at the end of its resources by any manner of means. The human mind is capable of indefinite expansion; the human heart of ever-enlarging capacities of suffering and endurance; the spiritual will of miraculous accomplishments. We are at the beginning, not the end. Cavendish, the father of modern chemistry, only died in 1810.

We would not attempt to minimize the war. The war has robbed us of some of the fairest and most promising of the sons of earth—our greatest loss. It has shifted ancient boundaries, shattered tenaciously held prejudices, dimmed the glory of racial inheritance, torn up age-old loyalties by the roots, overturned established conventions, knocked the last props from under a picturesque and decadent feudalism, shaken the faith of millions in any form of government that is not based on animal equality, and left multitudes doubtful of the validity of any ideal. Moreover, it has shaken the church to its very base and fanned to lurid flames of desire a most repulsive, frivolous and disgusting hedonism. The sheer waste of wealth can never be calculated. One trembles to think of the day of deflation for Germany with its 150,000,000,000 marks in circulation and no gold to take care of ultimate redemption. Ultimate redemption there must be, not only for Germany, but for all nations. (One of these days we will bless Heaven for our present Minister of Finance. His place in history will be high. Practically we are over the worst of *our* deflation, which was never excessive.)

And what about the loss caused by sheer physical and mental languor? Millions of men came back from the trenches war-worn, weary, unutterably *blasé* and sad, disinclined to work. Four years of hell had left many of them indifferent to the usual rewards of life,

and in some cases to life itself. They had been under an iron discipline, and when that discipline was suddenly relaxed the reaction was almost more than flesh and blood could bear. They came back to what? The same streets or countryside, the same faces, the same problems, and, in many cases, five years of leeway to make up. What a reaction, on what an unprecedented scale, was there! The man who did not at the time tenderly envisage the state of mind of the returned man after three, four and, in some cases, five years of incredible strain and suffering was not only lacking in gratitude, but in ordinary humanity. Finally, there is the load of debt—say three hundred billions, or $60 for every inhabitant of the earth; the heavy pension charges; the cost of reorganization and reconstruction, and all the rest of it.

It is safe to say that if people could see clear water ahead in international and domestic relations for so short an interval as one year, hope would spring up as by magic in the human heart and with hope the beginning of prosperity.

What society is crying for at this hour is a fixed and settled order of things. The irresponsibles in the press, the pulpit and the public platform who persist in sowing the seeds of distrust in all existing governments have a heavy sin to answer for. It was for no great love or admiration for Mr. Harding personally that the people of the United States elected him to the Presidency by the largest majority ever cast for a single individual. The new President possesses none of the picturesque qualities that ordinarily appeal to the American voter. The contrast with the late Mr. Roosevelt, *e.g.*, is almost ludicrous, and scarcely less ludicrous in the case of Mr. Taft. Mr. Harding may be truthfully and without offence described as a typically successful politician—a product of local conditions. His speeches breathe no lofty idealism and are boldly insular and selfish. He was a business man's candidate, and made the tariff and national self-sufficiency the predominating issues. He lives and moves and has his being in the atmosphere of that inherited Americanism which the descendants of the original stock habitually breathe. Of international relations from an altruistic, or even from a profoundly legal point of view, he knows little and cares less. The chosen of Bois Penrose, himself the protagonist of protectionism in its extremest form, he may be trusted to "deliver the goods." The first act of his Cabinet was to announce that the United States would insist on the full payment of the debts owing by the Allies with compound interest to date, and it is almost a certainty that the Fordney Bill, or something very much like it, will be enacted into law. He is a business man's President; that is to say, he is the average man's President.

Political idealism has had its day in the United States; the theorist is now relegated to the background; Sancho has taken the

place of Don Quixote; the landscape lies cold and glittering and hard. Hughes is an unknown quantity in foreign affairs, but he seems to be pursuing a bold, not to say defiant, course.

We repeat that Mr. Harding is where he is, not because of any great love for him on the part of the multitude, or for any appeal that his personality made or is ever likely to make, or for any particular accomplishment or notable intellectual distinction, but solely because the American people wanted, were determined, in fact, to have, a government at Washington that would represent fixity, power, time-honored constitutional usages and the absolute, ruthless if necessary, domination of the pure American type in politics.

As a demonstration of belief (we had almost written, of political orthodoxy) the late election will mark an era in history. It is either the first round of a tremendous struggle with forces antagonistic, and bitterly antagonistic, to the received way of looking at things or it is the death of all alien aspiration. The day may indeed come when the foreign-born, led by the Irish, Germans and Jews, may venture to throw down the challenge to the native-born for control and seek to subvert the doctrine that private property for which a clear legal title can be shown is inviolate, but for the moment the conviction that the Declaration—which in essence is British—is sacrosanct is absolutely triumphant all along the line. America was never more American than at this hour, for the "solid South" is broken.

The Americans, indeed, were quick to see that, given a government backed up by an overwhelming majority and safe for four (more likely eight) long years of office, and the worst would be over. From now on the unassimilated Irish (a minority, but formidable) may march in procession, listen to fiery orations and pass insulting and defamatory resolutions against Britain; the pro-Germans may intrigue and spread their poisonous propaganda against chivalrous France; the International Jews and Bolsheviks (men truly without a country) may preach anarchy and treason; but their day is done. They called for a show-down and got it. What was proved to a hair was that in the hour of peril the truly civilized men and women were in an immense majority in the republic to the south of us. It is the only country in the world at the present time that has called the bluff of disunion and anarchy and taken every trick. The government is sure of a long lease of power and absolutely in a position to ignore its ill-wishers. From now on wild accusations against the existing order of things will find few sympathizers. Fortunately we have Cubism in art, jazz in music, and the eternal triangle in what passes for literature, as a refuge for the parlor Bolsheviks and the lovers of every other country but their own. Then, to be sure, the yellow press will continue to belch its foulness to the edification of miasmatic minds, but no doubt in a deodorized form.

Admitting, then, all that may be said as to the war and the effects of the war, it is none the less true that the root of our present trouble is political instability; that is to say, it is psychological in its basis. Could what has but recently happened in the United States be repeated in England, in France, in Italy, in Canada or elsewhere the effect would be instantaneous and society would spring forward like a hound unleashed. Suppose that to-morrow, *e.g.*, the Coalition Government in Britain, under the leadership of David Lloyd George, should boldly throw down the gauntlet to the labor Bolsheviks and be overwhelmingly sustained at the polls (as we have no doubt it would be), would not the whole atmosphere of Britain, at present murky and foul, be purged as by a great tempest from the north?

The United States, to be sure, *had* to meet the problems created by the war, because in that republic no option is left to those in power to dissolve the government and go to the country ere the full term be legally up. Bad or good, the government goes on its four years and expires automatically with the last second of the time-limit set by the Constitution. There is wild excitement on the eve of a presidential election; collapse and apathy the day after the result is announced. Once every four years the people of the United States have a chance to cut loose; but during the interval, however unpopular the government may be, they must endure it. This state of things has its advantages and certain disadvantages.

The obvious advantage, of course, is that it gives stability to the government of the country for a fixed term of years by excluding crisis on a large scale; the disadvantage that the triumphant party is apt to ignore the pressure of sound public opinion. The House and Senate do not respond sensitively to the varying demands of the electorate—as is the case in Britain. and the allied commonwealths. They cannot be stampeded into premature action and know it. As the government is always frankly and openly a partisan government, elected as such, it is not to be expected that it will pay much attention to the onslaughts of its opponents, and, in fact, it doesn't; it cynically ignores them. Debate in the House of Representatives rarely rises to a high level for this reason. Each election spikes the guns of the party in opposition. The real debates take place in small committee rooms, and are, no doubt, heated enough at times. But once the committee has agreed on a bill or policy the matter is settled. The Speaker, who is a partisan, sees to that. It is not as scandalous as it was in the days of the notorious Reed; still it is rank enough. It is a curiously rigid system, born not of philosophic insight, but of dire necessity. All that can be said in its favor, and it is much, is that it divides the whole country into two great parties. The day may come, to be sure, when there will be Irish, German, Jewish and other groups in the House, but at present it seems remote enough. Only revolution can smash it, if that. It

has survived rebellion, and is solider than ever. It is the child, not of philosophy, but of experience and common-sense. Only the American people could run it. They do—and successfully. It shines at its best at this hour. Owing to it the people of the United States are over the worst of their troubles. The United States represents a democracy of sentiment and an autocracy of delegated power.

The real longing of the world just at present is for stable government—something solid and settled, and until it gets it things are likely to drift aimlessly hither and yon. Certain levelling tendencies in modern society must be met and overthrown definitely and unmistakably, as they were by Cromwell, ere the world can get back to work and happiness. The pretensions of radical labor both in England and America and, indeed, generally speaking, throughout the world, are absolutely incompatible with the continuance of civilization in its present form. The triumph of a labor republic in Britain, *e.g.*, would shatter the fabric of Empire at a blow and, we believe, would reduce Britain herself to the status of a second-class power. No greater calamity could conceivably happen.

The world, to be sure, has passed through many cataclysms, and there can be no guarantee that it will not pass through many more. But this is the first time in history that a class-movement based on a definite philosophy of life, at variance with all past experience, and co-ordinated in all its parts, has erected its front against the existing order of things from within.

For what is sought is the domination of animal appetite and desire over restraint, sacrifice and the service of those ends—as religion, culture, art, gentle manners—which give dignity and even rational meaning to the human struggle. Official trades unionism rarely rises above the material plane. What intellectual life it displays seems to be concerned with the endless discussion of dry economic theories. It has gone theory-mad. Time was when Arian and Trinitarian rose to heights of white-hot fanaticism over the doctrine of the *Filioque;* when an abstract metaphysical discussion touching the nature of Deity could split the great Roman Empire into eastern and western halves. To-day we find millions quarrelling with the same insane fervor over the so-called Second and Third Internationale. The creed then; the dry economic theory now. But what was at the heart of the ancient creed was God and the immensities and eternities. It is hard to say what is at the heart of the modern organized labor movement. All we know is that it is a phalanx-group and that it steadfastly seeks its own, being careless and indifferent to those vast multitudes who must for ever remain outside its ranks. Its power consists simply in this, that it is possible for any well-organized group of men engaged in a basic industry like transportation or mining, to hold up society and dislocate civilization, if so minded. Such strikes are, in effect, declarations of war

on society at large; they thrust at the very heart of government and, if continued, will lead to financial bankruptcy and misery for the whole of mankind.

The gigantic fallacy involved here is that the extension of the trades union movement to all classes alike (and why not?) would result not in co-operation, mutual goodwill and forbearance, but in perpetual warfare. Each group being banded together to get the limit of recompense (if need be, at the expense of every other group), there would result a condition of perpetual warfare, or, at least, of armed neutrality. Society could not survive under such conditions. Yet we are fast drifting in this direction. A universal strike would mean universal paralysis. Merely because men are banded into a particular union gives them no monopoly of striking. The power to strike cannot be denied to any. The moment we universalize the philosophy of the movement in this way it is at once seen that its end is negation and death. Violence is the last word with savages, but not with civilized men who cherish ideals of brotherhood and goodwill.

We are face to face with an entirely new phenomenon in the history of violence. The record of all strikes, whether of labor against capital or of capital against labor, *is* a record of violence as a means to an end—no matter what the end may be.

Hitherto violence has been *ab extra*, and, as a rule, has been directed towards conquest or loot or rapine. Let the assault of Prussia stand as a typical example of barbaric resurgence. But to-day, and possibly this is the hopeful side to it, it seems to be directed against the whole inherited and acquired theory of existence. It is provocative and challenging—organized force based on frank class-selfishness. Our civilization is on trial and must fight for its life. It can fight. It is the fashion of fools to scoff at logic, but logic, being the exact explication of reality, is the final arbiter in a rational world. Nor can there be any compromise between this selfishness which would turn us all into materialists and theory-slaves and that wide liberty of rational self-expression which receives its apotheosis in the widening culture and humanity of the time. Give these men all they ask; give each one the wealth of Crœsus, and what would it avail? If an equable division of the world's wealth, without regard to value produced, but only because the mandate of the union so ordered, would increase intellect, virtue, beauty, spirituality, idealism, then let Lenin's philosophy be carried out to the last cruel limit. But as a matter of fact none of these things would be forwarded by such foolishness, but rather the contrary.

> "Ambition is the fine spur the pure spirit doth move,
> The last infirmity of noble minds."

Alas! the carrying out of this philosophy in the case of Russia

has proved that an equable division of goods by mandate leads only to misery, cruelty, starvation, disease and death. Capital, which is only the world's savings in the control of the highest scientific intelligences (since the business man *is* a scientist), thrown broadcast to the multitude, the result would, and must always be, a complete stoppage of the wheels of industry and consequent bankruptcy.

The Germanic hordes swept over the ancient Roman Empire like a second Deluge, but, in the end, were absorbed and acted as a tonic and revivifying force on a decadent stock. Theodoric and Aëtius defeated the Huns on the Catalaunian Plains, as did the Allies under Foch in 1918, finally. The Saracens were stopped at the gate of Tours by Charles Martel and wandered back to the vast Asian plateaus in broken bands, a remnant finding a permanent lodgment on the plains of Hungary. History, until the advent of Charlemagne, is but a record of the ebb and flow of races. The nomadic instinct had not quieted down and men wandered forth in search of sustenance—as the Israelites trekked north dazzled by the hope of finding "a land flowing with milk and honey." There always was such a land, there is such a land to-day; but it is not to be taken by brute violence; no rude, selfish mandate of ignorance will cause the magic gates to unclose. It is in the possession of the scientific intelligence of the race. Prospero is king of this magic isle, and the weapon he uses is capital. Destroy Prospero and his weapon by bull-headed ignorance and violence and—well, Trinculo and Stephano and Caliban!

The pretensions of socialism and extreme trades unionism are absolutely incompatible with modern civilization, or indeed with any civilization whatsoever. Culture is against it, since for the higher world of pure thought it has only contempt, illy concealed. All this talk of radical labor capturing governments is mere *blague*. Let the leaders of anarchy who talk this way capture the universities. There is the eternal enemy of the animal man. Here and there they have succeeded in stampeding a few bewildered, shallow and ignorant parsons; but the great seats of learning stand firm for the things that can be bought only at the cost of pain, toil, weariness, sacrifice and service.

Our civilization is based, not on a featureless uniformity of type and a common wage for all irrespective of value produced, but on the preservation of true individual freedom to the end that through the full and complete development of the private soul the race may progress, not into the monotony of hell, but into "the glorious liberty of the sons of God." The rotten fallacy at the heart of the whole radical labor movement is that equality of recompense is conceived of as the *summum bonum* of life; whereas the contrary is the fact. Variety is not only the spice of life: it is the absolute law of life. Radical labor believes with the fanaticism of ignorance that

civilization can go on without the personal motive to excel and differentiate, without personal ambition, in short; and so blind is it that even the ghastly results that have followed each attempt in experiment affect it not at all. These men, the Snowdens, MacDonalds and others, would not believe whatever seems to run contrary to their theories, even though one should rise from the dead. They are hopeless.

The plain truth is that Europe has not yet come to grips with the revolutionary forces since the war ended, and until the political atmosphere is cleared definitely and the atavistic forces arrayed against civilization smashed to atoms, men and women in all lands will continue to see "men as trees walking."

Though at this writing "clouds and thick darkness" envelop the British Isles, we cannot help but believe that the forces of violence will be overthrown. Falstaff's "Not on compulsion, Hal!" is a flashlight of genius on the English temper. We of Anglo-Saxon lineage are a marvellously patient people. Compared with the Latins and Slavs we are as anthracite to bituminous; but once we take fire we burn long. One of these days the real people of England will take a hand in the game and there will be a rounding-up and silencing of the disturbers of civic peace similar to that which took place in the United States last November. We venture to assert that in Canada also the exponents of group-selfishness and sectionalism—the Crerars, Drurys and Kings—will get their answer and that it will be of an emphatic character. The great need of the world at this hour is firm government to the end that the people may go about their accustomed tasks undeterred by any fear of wild revolutionary changes. The abnormal mind is a bad asset. Common-sense holds all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind and vastly more.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION

IN 1917 the Unionist Government was elected by an overwhelming majority. That election was a political revolution. Hundreds of thousands of Liberals were compelled by the voice of their conscience to break their swords of allegiance to their old Chieftain. They could not follow him in his opposition to conscription, which was the only practical step to save the country's honor.

That Government carried on and brought the country through the war with substantial credit. Addressing themselves afterwards to reconstruction, they made better provision for the re-establishment of returned soldiers, they granted higher pensions and larger gratuities than any other country in the world. By careful and timely administration the very difficult period between the close of hostilities and the full resumption of peaceful pursuits was overcome without much disturbance or dislocation.

Now the nation has to grapple with financial and other problems arising chiefly from the war. What are these problems?

(1) There is the question of raising annually $400,000,000 by taxation, to pay interest on our war debt, pensions, to take care of disabled soldiers and to pay the cost of administration of the country.

(2) There is the stubborn fact that our dollar is at a heavy discount in its purchasing power in the United States, which means an enormous annual drain, directly and indirectly estimated at two or three hundred million dollars.

(3) We are faced with the probability that our neighbors to the south, who are committed to protection, will make it difficult for us to sell them our products.

(4) We have a most serious and difficult railway situation. Apparently, we are faced with an era of enormous deficits.

(5) There is great necessity for more population of the right kind to help develop the country and lower the *per capita* burden of debt and taxation.

(6) There is imperative necessity for stimulating greater production in all lines of activity because we can only improve our financial position by work and more work.

(7) There is grave danger of our markets being flooded with the more cheaply produced products of Europe and the Orient.

(8) There is, above all things, the important necessity of getting the people back to normal, of restoring the old standards, the basic principle of which was that solid hard work is the primary law without which real success cannot be achieved.

In the face of these vitally important problems, what is the political situation? Let us take a good square look at it. No one will deny that the age is abnormal. A spirit of foundationless unrest prevails. A great many people are much more fond of artificial pleasure than they are of work. It is an age of much talk but of little reflection. Never were the minds of men and women so disturbed. The war is largely to blame. It unhinged the thinking powers of humanity. Nearly all the old standards of thought and action have gone by the board; serious thought has given place to jazzy thought. Yet, as the days pass and the evils of the riotous extravagance of the past few years become more apparent; as life reverts, as it always does, to its stern realities, people are gradually returning to normality, gradually realizing that work is primary and play secondary, as it always has been and always will be, because it is the universal law for the civilized races of mankind.

In these trying days and under these serious conditions, where lies the path of safety and wisdom? Surely it will not be disputed that an indispensable necessity is to have a strong, stable government of moderate men, not extremists, having their country's best

interests at heart. Surely it will not be disputed that the manifest duty of every public man, no matter what his political affiliations may be, is to help the people towards clear and right thinking, to lead them out of the wilderness of confusion of thought and out of the miasma of unrest. True democracy ought to be governed by the wisest and the best and there never was greater necessity for the wisest and the best in this country getting together in the interests of the vast majority. But what do we find? Chaos and confusion and a babel of tongues. Instead of co-operation among the wisest and best, we see bitterness and antagonism displayed. It is the worst of all times to play the game of party politics—yet never was it played so fiercely and bitterly. Instead of attempting to remove the spirit of unrest and discontent, political groups are pandering to and fomenting it. The good of the nation is being subordinated to the personal vanities and ambitions of designing politicians who care a great deal more about getting into office than they do about their country's needs.

We have a Government, the successors of the Government which carried on during the war and since with substantial success. This Government, which is composed of men of both the old political parties, with a leader of proved ability and courage, fully realizes the gravity of the manifold national problems and is bravely carrying on amid a storm of incessant and, in most cases, unreasonable criticism, from many quarters. It is a striking fact that its opponents, in Parliament and outside of it, cannot and do not point to maladministration. They simply echo the unreasoning and foundationless cry that the Government should go. There is no denying that there is a general attitude of mind among the unreflecting to hit on the head any and all governments. Put back any of these unreasoning and unreflecting critics against the wall and ask him point blank to give solid reasons why the Government should be defeated, and he would be practically dumb. It is symptomatic of all periods of unrest that there is much immaturity of thought.

The Government has nailed its colors to the mast of moderate protection, following the policy in force in Canada for nearly forty years under which the country has made substantial progress. It earnestly believes that only by adopting that policy can we pull through and build up the nation; especially situated as we are alongside a great nation which has developed its industries by protection to an exceedingly high point of perfection and production. The Government is frank to state that in its opinion free trade as advocated by the farmers of the West would be suicidal; especially in the face of the grave exchange problem, and it squarely joins issue with these farmers on this trade issue, which both the farmers and the Government declare to be the main issue. The fight, if men be true to their real beliefs instead of faithful to their political preju-

dices, would largely be one between the organized farmers of the West (not all the farmers of the West by any means) and the people of the East. The reasons for this may be summarized as follows:

All the Conservatives of the East in urban centres are protectionists, some of them high, but all of them willing to conform to the moderate doctrine which is the fruit of the alliance of the forces which constitute the Government of the day.

Ninety-five per cent of the Liberals of the East in urban centres are moderate protectionists and have voted that way all their lives.

The farmers of the East are dependent to a very large extent on the home market which has been developed by the policy of moderate protection; without that home market their position would be hopeless. In this respect their situation is vastly different from that of the Western farmer. The home market to the latter, while a factor, does not cut anything like the same figure that it does to the farmer of the East. Therefore it is that the interests of the farmers of the East and the West are by no means identical, although many of them both in the East and the West are attempting to stand on the same platform.

In a straight fight between the moderate protectionists of the East and the organized free trade farmers of the West there would be no question as to the outcome. The East would surely win. But, unfortunately, the East is playing politics. Mr. Mackenzie King and his followers, ninety-five per cent of whom are moderate protectionists, are playing a two-faced game. They are trying "to run with the hare and cry with the hounds." To be blunt, they care more for power than they do for principle, and they are playing the most flagrantly hypocritical game ever played in the history of Canadian politics.

By far the major portion of the Liberal representation in Parliament to-day comes from the Province of Quebec. That Province is solidly protectionist and it has nothing in common with the rabid free traders of the West. In business affairs the people of Quebec and Ontario think practically alike because their material interests and objects are identical. These are the two great manufacturing Provinces of the Dominion, and, in both of them, agriculture goes hand in hand with manufacturing. Montreal and Toronto are the two banking and insurance centres of Canada. In all matters of trading, manufacturing, producing and financing, anything that affects one Province equally affects the other. They are great friendly business and producing rivals held together by a common bond and community of interest. The leaders of present day Liberalism know these facts: they know there is no place in Quebec where the feet of the free trader can find a resting place; yet for the mere sake of office they continue to play the double—nay, triple—game, preaching free trade here, revenue tariff there, and moderate

protection in other places, according as political necessity or exigency demands. We doubt not that the people of Quebec, who are unusually endowed with political intuition, will see through this political by-play and estimate it at its true worth.

Why cannot the Liberals be honest with themselves in this critical time in the history of our country? Their real place is with the Government as against the free trade forces. The Government's policy is, as a matter of fact, the Laurier policy. All the high protectionists have been snowed under. We would venture to say to these Liberals: "Change your ways and play the game like men; be true to your real convictions; don't try to work your way to power dishonestly; do not continue to pretend one thing here and another there; do not prate about principles unless you really have principles. You do not believe in free trade! Then why pretend you do? You talk about tariff for revenue, but you know that is a misnomer. Any tariff, as respects goods manufactured in Canada, is and must be a protective tariff."

May we say also to Quebec: "Your material interests require that you help your English brother to resist the free trade onslaught. Do you propose to sacrifice these material interests which are held in common because of fancied or even real grievances? When the bread and butter of the nation is at stake, surely all minor questions ought to be subordinate. It will be time enough to play the old senseless game of party politics and enter into the old futile controversies—as to whether one language or religion is better than the other, *e.g.*—when, having acted unitedly, we provide the wherewithal, by wise policies, to fill our united stomachs."

Amid the welter and confusion of talk and thought, it clearly appears that unless the situation becomes consolidated and straight issues be put before the people calling for clean-cut decisions, the country is doomed to go through a period of great disturbance. Conceivably we may be thrown back a generation in our development through the combination of opportunist forces—founded on hypocrisy, selfishness and shallowness—out of which have developed the numerous political groups at present striving for ascendancy. It is a time above all times for the wisest and the best in the country to assert themselves and help to restore order out of chaos.

ALPHA.

Editorial Note:—The following article, written by one of the leading citizens of Winnipeg, reveals what we in the East have long suspected, viz., that Crerar, Wood, and the whole U.G.G. phalanx do *not* represent the sober common-sense of our fellow-citizens in the North-West Provinces. These men were elected as Unionists and gave in their allegiance to that party. The great tidal wave of loyalty landed them at Ottawa. Each one, in accordance with our immemorial constitutional practice, received authority from his constituents to "carry on" for the full legal term of Parliament.

Notwithstanding that the reduction in the tariff as affecting agriculture was greater than Mr. Crerar had demanded at the last revision of the tariff, they tore themselves apart from the Union Government and reduced themselves to complete nullity as a constructive force, and this at a time when co-operation and not division was a crying necessity. They were *not* elected as partisans of the United Grain Growers' Association (a purely commercial enterprise), but as citizens. They have brought no charge of corruption or incompetence against the Government. They are free traders now, but were not elected as free traders, and could not have been elected on that platform. Nor can they be. They took advantage of popular uncertainty and vague unrest to camouflage their treachery in deserting the national and patriotic party at a period when to seek to establish sectionalism was nothing short of a crime against the well-being of Canada. Had they been elected to Ottawa on a straight free trade ticket no fault would have been found with them. They could have passed to the cross-benches with honor at any time after the signing of the Armistice and would have been respected. At present they are not respected. We do not believe they represent the North-West, but, on the contrary, do most completely misrepresent it. The honorable thing for them to have done, to a man, was to have resigned their seats and gone back to their constituents for endorsation of the new set of convictions. It is they and not the Government who are up in the air. They know that Mr. Crerar can never be Premier. He has got the U.G.G. into coal, lumber, printing, co-operative stores, implements—vast commitments—and must stand by the financial ship. It will take every ounce of his ability and character for endurance to pilot the now vast organization into safe waters under existing financial conditions.

As for Wood, the Missourian, with his fantastic theory of a purely rural Canada dominating the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the interests of agriculture, it is sufficient to say that had his antecedents been Canadian instead of middle south-west American, he would never have committed himself to such nonsense. He has a lot to learn about the character of British institutions, and he will live to find out that under the patience and modesty of the

average sensible Canadian there burns a deep fire of loyalty to inherited traditions.

Before deserting the Government the Crerar-U.G.G. group should have first sought a mandate from their constituents. As it is they treated them with contempt. They are the only group at Ottawa without a mandate.

ALL GAUL

JULIUS CAESAR commenced his Commentaries with the statement that all Gaul was divided into three parts. If that eminent Roman general were alive to-day he might revise his commentaries by substituting Canada for Gaul.

There are in Canada to-day, in the Federal arena, three recognized parties, as well as a number of smaller fry seeking recognition. There is the National Progressive Party, founded by the Western Grain Growers, whose leader, the Honorable T. A. Crerar, has very dexterously turned an organization having no political aspirations into a party seeking honors Federal, and even aspiring to control the country. There is also the King-Lapointe wing of the ancient and honorable Liberal party, consisting very largely of the opponents of conscription in 1917. Then there is the present administration headed by the Rt. Honorable Arthur Meighen. Besides these there is Dr. Michael Clark, the able member for Red Deer, who comprises in himself a party dedicated to free trade and utterly opposed to tariff for protection, revenue or anything else. There is also a small collection of politicians who, having quarrelled with their leaders on some ground of policy or other, are now out in No Man's Land and are seeking, like Noah's dove, some fragment of dry land upon which to rest their weary feet.

The official Opposition is the King-Lapointe following, and they do not comprise one half the voting strength of the House. If Mr. King is to satisfy his ambition to be the next Premier of Canada, he can only do so by a coalition either with malcontents from the Government benches or with the National Progressive group headed by Mr. Crerar, who himself is an aspirant for the position of first citizen of the country. If, on the other hand, Mr. Crerar is to attain his desire to guide the ship of state, he can do so only by swinging in behind him the King-Lapointe group and by so doing thwarting Mr. King's aspirations. There is another danger in connection with Mr. King's following, and that is Mr. Lapointe. Mr. Ernest Lapointe, K.C., has, perhaps not openly, but none the less firmly, fixed in his mind that the mantle of Elijah should fall on his shoulders, and sees in himself the new French leader of the Canadian people. Members of the Opposition such as Jacques Bureau, Rudolph Lemieux, and Dr. Beland, who occupied Cabinet

positions in former Governments, are apt to look askance at either the graduate of Rockefeller or the President of the Graingrowers, and to hark back to the days of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. To form a coalition between these parties would mean thwarting the ambitions of a number of embryo Premiers.

This position, though serious, is not the greatest difficulty in the way. Compromises have been effected before in things politic. It is possible that were this the only barrier, all might stand back for one.

In order for these elements to become reconciled, however, they must be prepared to make some mutual concessions. To-day the most serious question which meets all thoughtful Canadians is the question of raising sufficient revenue to meet the expense of running the country: to meet the appalling railway deficit with which we are faced by reason of the country having to take over two broken and bankrupt roads; to meet the obligations imposed upon this country by reason of the war; to discharge our obligation to our soldiers; to carry on the business of the country and keep our heads above water.

When Sir Henry Drayton, the Minister of Finance, brought down his estimates a few weeks ago the country found itself faced with the necessity of raising $70 for every man, woman and child in Canada to take care of the 1921 expenditures. Taking all present sources of revenue into account there remains a deficit of $130,-000,000. This, too, without considering the supplementary estimates which are safe to be not inconsiderable. The position is one which requires the thoughtful attention of every Canadian.

The man or the party who will undertake to pilot the ship of state through the troubled waters of the present must have a bold, clear-cut policy and the courage to carry that policy out.

In order that the lion and the lamb, here represented by Mr. King and Mr. Crerar, should follow scriptural precepts and lie down together, there must be some similarity in their views on fiscal policy and more particularly on tariff policy. A large amount of the moneys used in running the country are obtained from the tariff, and if that is to be eliminated something must be introduced to take its place. Just what Mr. King or Mr. Crerar propose to introduce as a substitute for the revenue received from the tariff is not visible either to the naked eye or to a high-power microscope. No indication has been given by either of these gentlemen as to just how they propose to get around this difficulty. Until they do so they can get nowhere at all.

Mr. King, during his tour throughout Canada last summer, made the fatal error of trying to be all things to all men. In Colchester he was a moderate protectionist; in Aylmer, apparently a free trader; when he reached the borders of the Prairie Provinces he

became at once an ardent free trader and for the time being a disciple of Dr. Clark. This conviction lasted until British Columbia was reached, and we find him in Yale strenuously advocating increased protection to the fruit growers but no change otherwise in the tariff. In West Peterboro he backed Mr. George Gordon, whose platform was practically the same as the platform of the Administration. In every case the tariff policies of the official leader of the Opposition have been based on the particular constituency or part of the country in which he was at the moment. He has been high protectionist, low protectionist, and free trader. If Mr. King is true to his expressed views, he would, on becoming Premier of Canada, place increased bounties on Nova Scotia coal and such industries as he thinks require protection in Nova Scotia, but let down the bars on everything else that comes into the Province. In the Prairie Provinces protection on all manner of things produced in the Provinces, but free trade otherwise. In British Columbia, a $10 duty on apples and everything else free. What Mr. King really thinks of the tariff problem no one knows, least of all Mr. King himself. What he would do if he became Premier of Canada with the tariff problem Mr. King knows less than anyone else. He is a reed shaken in the wind of public opinion, swayed not by strong, solid views, but by the fitful breeze of political expediency.

Mr. Crerar, on the other hand, is not quite as flighty. His views are somewhat more pronounced. Mr. Crerar's following in the House would not, nor could Mr. Crerar follow, the leadership of a man who cannot make up his mind even on a matter such as the tariff. On the other hand, Mr. King's followers who have realized that their leader is high protectionist, low protectionist, and free trader according to the vicissitudes of the moment, could not fall in behind the leadership of Mr. Crerar, whose views on the tariff are fairly well known.

The Administration have time and time again, during the present session, challenged Mr. King and Mr. Crerar to make a definite announcement of their policy, but without success. Both of them, like jockeys at a horse race, keep one eye on the nag and the other on the starter, and all the efforts of the Administration to tie the leaders of these two parties down to a definite platform have so far failed.

In clear contradistinction to the attitude of the two leaders of the official and unofficial opposition, the platform of the Administration stands out sharp and distinct. The Prime Minister, during his Western speaking tour, laid down at every meeting which he addressed the views of the Government in regard to the tariff. The tariff policy of the Government was very clearly enunciated not only at meetings held from Winnipeg to Vancouver by the Premier, but also in meetings addressed by him during the East Elgin and West Peterboro

elections. As the Premier stated at his Holland, Manitoba, meeting: "We have the same policy for the East as we have for the West." That statement might be very well set alongside of the statement of Abraham Lincoln in his Freeport speech in the debates with Judge Douglas, that "No state can exist half slave and half free." The Prime Minister's platform is that "No state can exist half protection and half free trade." And yet the recognized leader of the official Opposition has pandered to the votes of the Canadian people by attempting to be all things to all men.

Mr. Mackenzie King's stand on the tariff question is irrational, illogical and utterly impossible. The people of Canada, faced with an appalling expenditure, will require of any man who aspires to lead a Government in Canada a clear-cut enunciation of his ideas on the important problems of the day. He must be prepared to lay down a policy in connection with the finances of the country which will be at least equal to and should be superior to the avowed policies of the Government in reference to the administration of the country's affairs. Until he can do that he cannot hope for success, particularly when the government is at the present time led by a man who fearlessly announces the policy of the Government and states that upon that policy he will either sink or swim. There is no place in the Canadian public life at the present time for a man who is not prepared to enunciate his principles and prepared to stand behind them. It would be better for Mr. King if he were to approve a set of principles which might be wrong rather than shilly-shallying the way he has been.

A few days ago, at a meeting held at Medicine Hat, Mr. H. W. Wood, one of Mr. Crerar's lieutenants and confidential men, laid down a principle which cannot appeal to any right-thinking Canadian. He said: "I believe in economic group government," "We are the people." That address, which was quite lengthy, if not inspired by the leader of the National Progressive party, no doubt was approved by him. It is hardly to be believed that Mr. Wood would lay down such a doctrine without the actual approval and consent of the party to which he belongs. Mr. Wood, in effect, would set class against class and party against party. If Mr. Wood's theory of government is correct we will have this country split into factions, each seeking its own selfish interests, while the general affairs of the country, which should be the first interest, will be entirely excluded, with the inevitable result of bankruptcy, social, moral, economic and financial. The problems that confront Canada to-day require the whole-hearted endeavor of all those who have the country's good at heart to pull through these troublous times. If we have the entire country divided into factions, farmer against merchant, lawyer against labor and so on, nothing but chaos and ruin can follow. Abraham Lincoln said it was a mistake to swap

horses when crossing a stream. At this present crisis the people of Canada have their choice. The administration with an avowed clear-cut tariff policy; Mr. King with a policy varying with the longitude or latitude which he is in, and Mr. Crerar, who would set group against group and class against class absolutely regardless of where it lands the country. The people of Canada cannot afford to try out the impractical theories of an impractical dreamer, or the avowed intention of the Grain Growers' party to set class against class and faction against faction.

Winnipeg. NOR'-WESTER.

TYRANNOUS TRADE CONTROL

WRITING to *The Toronto Mail and Empire* under date of March 7th, from Wellington, New Zealand, Dr. J. O. Miller, whose delightful and informing letters from the Antipodes form a distinct feature of this newspaper's foreign correspondence, has this to say touching the ruthless control exercised over certain Canadian-American industries in the matter of foreign trade:—

"I asked why certain other lines of manufactured articles were not imported from Canada, and was given a reason which seems to me a serious handicap in the development of Canadian export trade. A number of Canadian manufacturing concerns were originally agencies or branches of American companies. When they grew large enough to stand on their own feet they became independent of the American concerns, but, using American patents, they were restricted from doing an export business. This is a serious matter for the future of Canadian trade. It is unnecessary to go into details, but it may be illustrated by the automobile business. Under certain regulations made by motor car proprietors whose enterprises have extended to Canada, it is impossible for the Canadian manufacturer to sell to New Zealand a car made in Canada. The exception is the Ford car, which is not susceptible to these regulations. There are cars made in Canada which would be very popular in New Zealand but which are not allowed to be sent here owing to American control of patents. Last year Canada exported to New Zealand 3,028 Ford cars valued at $2,000,000 while the United States sent here 7,063 cars valued at $8,900,000.

DEAL WITHIN EMPIRE

"There is a very strong desire in New Zealand to deal within the Empire, and all things being equal the New Zealander would rather buy from Canada than from the United States. These people realize, as many Canadians do not, the need for the closest possible connection and friendship between the Dominions. They are our

own kith and kin and are in every way worthy of strenuous effort on our part to keep the bond unbroken."

We do not know what the patent laws of Canada are as touching limited exploitation of a patent, but if our foreign export trade can be controlled and delimited by certain financial groups in the United States, then the sooner amending legislation is passed the better. Trade with all parts of the Empire should be absolutely unrestricted. The object of the automobile manufacturers in the United States is to shut Canada out of all foreign trade and "hog" it themselves—and this within the Empire!

Germany, before the war, forced little Switzerland to accept proportional rates on freight billed through to Italy via Switzerland, which almost bankrupted the railways of the republic. Has it come to this, that a group of private individuals in the United States can prohibit Canada from trading freely with a sister commonwealth? The situation is intolerable. Let the principle be admitted and we will be made, through our own patent legislation (which we can change at any moment) mere hewers of wood and drawers of water to the great trusts south of the line. Unrestricted right of export to any country under the wide canopy every Canadian manufacturer must have. It is a fundamental human right.

THE EMBARGO

IT is a great pity that when the Hon. Mr. Doherty went to England in a private capacity as a self-appointed agent to the British government, at the expense of the Province, that he didn't go out of his way and call upon Mr. William Duthie of Aberdeen. We can imagine the reply he would have received from the greatest breeder of Shorthorns the world has ever known. We can, in fancy, hear William replying to the little man's enquiry as to what he thought about the advisability of lifting the Embargo on foreign cattle in some such words as these: "Hoots, mon! Ye dinna ken what y'er talkin' aboot. Lifting the embargo, indeed! I'll gi'e ye a piece o' soond advice: Lift y'er ain runts oot o' the muck into which they hae fallen! Cut oot the scrub bull! Ye hae a' been asleep over there, and the first thing ye ken the Argentine will leave you high and dry. Man alive, they think nothing o' payin' five thousand guineas for a king o' the herd, and no out-breedin' allowed. They pit the hale carcass into the tin. No canners at tuppence ha'penny a poond per hunner for them. They'll rout you 'horse, foot and artillery' if ye dinna mind y'er steps. You hae a grand kintra over there in Ontario, and gin you bring up your herds may do fine yet. But keep on the way your doin' and, man alive! it won't be ony time before you'll be dished.

"Do you think, my man, that here in Britain, where oor herds

are a' pure bred and worth hunnerds where yours are not worth tens, that we are going to run the risk of disease just to suit your convenience, and pit a few bawbees in your pockets? 'Tis not against you alone that we have pit oop the Embargo. 'Tis against the world. The Embargo is in the interest o' the entire world. We hae nae grudge against Canada. We have naething but luve for Canada. But we maun keep our herds healthy. We hae too much at stake and the world has too much at stake to comply wi' ony such nonsense. 'Tis not Britain alone; 'tis the world that's involved. Here we replenish and revivify the cattle o' the hale airth. We maun conseeder that—an' the siller. Get that into yer noodle and dinna talk to me aboot Embargoes. I canna be fashed wi' such nonsense! One diseased coo steppin' in might cause a loss o' millions. D' ye tak us for a lot o' fules? Some years ago at a fat-stock show in the Midlands some Irish cattle came in (aifter inspection) wi' the result that splendid beasts to the value o' tens o' thousands o' poonds had to be slaughtered. Embargo, indeed! Gang awa', little man! I've an engagement wi' a ranchero frae the Argentine. Guid day to ye!"

ABNORMAL WAGES ON RAILWAYS

IN recent weeks there has been a good deal of newspaper controversy and street talk about the wages paid to railway employees. It would seem to be desirable, therefore, in the public interest, that the exact facts be disclosed. In this connection a most informative and illuminating return was made to Parliament within the last few days which affords much food for thoughtful consideration. This return shows the average monthly wages paid to the various classes of employees now as compared with 1916. The following are some of the figures:

Canadian Northern System

Eastern Lines

Through Passenger Service.

Average time on duty 7 hours, 10 minutes.	*Monthly Wages*	
	1921	*1916*
Engineers	$369.98	$196.56
Firemen	288.77	123.48

The Engineer's pay for 7 hours' actual work is, therefore, equivalent to $4,443 a year, and the Fireman's equal to $3,456.

Local Passenger Service.	*Monthly Wages*	
Average time on duty 11 hours, 50 minutes.	*1921*	*1916*
Engineers	$495.33	$218.52
Firemen	379.14	137.27

The Engineer's pay for 12 hours' actual work is therefore equal to $5,544 a year and the Fireman's pay is equal to $4,548 a year.

Through Freight Service.	*Monthly Wages*	
Average time on duty 12 hours, 25 minutes.	*1921*	*1916*
Engineers	$456.44	$231.10
Firemen	308.18	138.45

For little more than 12 hours' service daily the Engineer is paid at a rate equal to $5,477.28 per year—an increase of over $2,700 above his yearly pay five years ago. The fireman's monthly wage is equal to $3,698.16 per year.

The wage inflation is even more pronounced in other labor divisions of the operating services. For instance, baggagemen on local passenger service were paid $87.75 per month in 1916. This year they are paid $224.74 per month for 8 hours, 10 minutes average time on duty per day—or an increase of 156.11 per cent within five years.

Conductors on local passenger service, with an average time on duty per day of 8 hours, 10 minutes, are paid at the rate of $3,658.80 per year or $304.90 per month. For the same services in 1916 they received $143.65 per month.

On through Freight Service, conductors are now paid at the rate of $3,897.29 per year. In 1916 they were paid, for the same services, at the rate of $2,289.60 per year. Brakemen who received $127.36 per month in 1916 are now paid a monthly wage of $258.20 for the same run.

The table, which occupies 16 pages of Hansard, is a multiplication of similar instances of remarkable wage increases. When considering the effect of these inflations of labor costs it must be borne in mind that the increases are dictated by forces beyond the control of the Executive officers of the Canadian National Railways.

A LARGE, SANE UTTERANCE

SINCE the lamented death of the late Sir Edward Holden, Bart., President of the London City & Midland Bank, to whom Britain owes a deep debt of gratitude for his masterly handling of the financial end of the war, no saner financier has arisen than the Right Hon. Lord Inchcape, President of The National Provincial & Union Bank of England, Limited. Students of current economics look for his deliverances with keen interest, and are never disappointed. He is of the same great breed as the late Walter Bagehot and Sir John Lubbock; that is to say, the basis of his financial activity is a sound philosophy based on a profound study of trade and commerce from its earliest historic beginnings, and, on the logic of

science. He is, moreover, a man of wide general culture and master of a style of extraordinary clarity.

It is not obsessed theorists, academic or Bolshevik, to whom we must turn to-day for light and guidance, but to those brave and powerful men who, undeterred by the threatening aspects of things in general, press forward into the future in the calm faith that, in the end, the great primal qualities of honor, ambition and patriotism will triumph over all obstacles. Between the man who mistakes words for things, who possesses a childish trust in the necromancy of public meetings and resolutions, who looks upon public credit as an "Open Sesame" to be exploited in the interests of the last crack-brained scheme for saving society *en masse* by legislation, and men of the type of Lubbock, Bagehot and Inchcape there is a great gulf fixed. It is the chasm that for ever yawns between the sciolist and the scientist. These, beginning at the near-end and feeling their way cautiously through the shoals, invariably bring the human argosy into the port of security; those, unrelated to the world of hard realities and too stupid and ignorant to read, even to an approximation of correctness, the permanent elements of psychology, invariably fog all issues, disappoint all hopes, beget fierce unrealizable desires and end on the shard heap reserved for those who would confuse theories with conditions.

The readers of *The Onlooker* will thank the editor for presenting the selections which follow, and which have been taken verbatim from Lord Inchcape's annual address as President of the great financial institution over which he has the honor to preside. It is herewith reproduced in the exact form in which it was printed:

The Industrial Situation

We are now, as you are all aware, in the midst of a very difficult period of trade depression. It had to come. Six years ago, soon after the outbreak of the war, I ventured to warn the shareholders of the bank that after so huge a conflict, involving so great a destruction of human life and of the wealth laboriously accumulated by generations of effort, together with the taxation which would be involved to meet the interest on the millions of war debt, there would necessarily be a period of acute stringency and stagnation. That time is upon us now. It was delayed longer than I expected. After the first few months of uncertainty succeeding the Armistice, British trade even began to boom. We can all remember that two years ago the whole world seemed to be clamoring for British goods and services, and the question of price did not appear to daunt them in the least. Our manufacturers had not to hunt for orders or markets, and wages went soaring up. What alone was worrying them was their capacity to fulfil the demands that poured in upon them from every corner of the globe. It almost looked, and many people did actually believe, that our staple industries had before them from three to five years of whole-time production.

Why the Bubble Burst

Well, gentlemen, that bubble has burst. I do not mean that the need of the home and of foreign markets to be restocked was not urgent or that there was

not a perfectly genuine demand for British goods. One of the things that our old customers discovered during the war was that they did not care for the American and Japanese substitutes they had been obliged to put up with since 1914. Directly hostilities ceased they turned once more to the British manufacturers for the real thing. The demand therefore was genuine, and it still exists. That is to say, there is an enormous amount of business for us to do in the world's markets, but only at reasonable prices. I must emphasize those words "at reasonable prices." What killed the boom of a year ago was that nobody, whether he was a manufacturer or a customer, a Government, a private employer or a working man, seemed to bother about costs. People acted as though industry, railways and shipping could stand any wages, as though there were some bottomless purse out of which the State could make good the deficits on the railways and the mines and other controlled trades, and at the same time prosecute huge and costly schemes of social reform, and as though the credit resources of the country were illimitable, which hard facts proved they were not. (Hear, hear.)

It was clear that along those lines there was bound to be a reaction. Matters were nearing a point where, on the one hand, capital could no longer provide energy for the industrial machine, and where, on the other hand, the product of the machine became too expensive to find a customer. During the past six months there has in consequence been going on throughout the trading world a rough but salutary process of liquidation. It has involved, and it was bound to involve, heavy losses where large stocks were held, and even disaster to many individuals in all countries who were trading beyond their means and living in a fool's paradise, but it has brought down the prices of raw materials and of most of the prime commodities and products, it has materially reduced the cost of living, and it undoubtedly, in my judgment, indicates the beginning of a return to more normal conditions. (Hear, hear.)

Prospect of Renewed Trade Activity

For the time being, and perhaps for a little longer, the unsettling effects of the events of the past year will continue to show themselves in the great social calamity of unemployment, but beneath the distress and the depression of the moment I believe that forces are at work which before long will enable industrial activity to be resumed on a more chastened basis, and that the demand which was largely killed by high, will be revived by low, prices. The question for us is whether we are going to make the same mistakes over again or whether we are going to recognize the economic realities of a competitive world. Excessive profits snatched during a boom have always to be paid for later on. Excessive wages bring with them in the long run the penalty of industrial stoppage and unemployment. Of the many lessons to be learned from the experiences of the past year, these two, in my judgment, are just now particularly pertinent. We have all got to get back to a common denominator.

For a country such as ours, a country that lives by exporting its goods to the ends of the earth and which cannot maintain its present population on any other basis, there is nothing more important than the cost of production. What with reduced hours of labor, restrictions on overtime and nightshift working, strikes (of which we have had some 300 since the Armistice), the curtailment by the trade unions of freedom of employment, their inordinate demands of all kinds, which will be of no real benefit to the men, their opposition to piecework and payment by results, their limitation of output, and the absence among too many of their leaders of a practical co-operative spirit—what with all these handicaps it is impossible for British industry to keep down the costs of production and transport to a figure that will enable our manufacturers, merchants, and shipowners to compete effectively not alone with the rest of the world, but to bring prices back to anything approaching normal conditions.

The Economic Paralysis of the Continent

If the war has taught us anything it should certainly have taught us that in the modern economically interdependent world no one nation can suffer without involving others in its distress; no nation can grow rich on another's poverty; no nation can buy unless it is also able to sell; and that a diseased spot like Russia and the Central Empires and the newly created States around them poisons all the functions of the European body. One of the reasons why British industry is depressed is the absence of a Continental demand for British goods. Before the war we sent something like 40 per cent of our exports to the Continent. We sold to it £200,000,000 of goods a year; and it is the most purblind of views to think that we can dispense with the European market or that we are richer because the Central Empires are poorer. On the contrary, the economic paralysis of the Continent is visibly and painfully injuring us. Sterling has fallen in New York and we are paying the equivalent of a 30 per cent *ad valorem* tax on everything we buy from America, very largely because we are selling on credit throughout the Continent and cannot collect our debts.

Take India. The Continent of Europe was one of India's best customers, while India was one of our best. We sold far more to India than we bought from her, and she was able to buy from us because she sold more largely to the Continent of Europe and other countries than she bought from them.

The road to the restoration of the £ sterling lies through the revival of the receptive and productive power of the Continent and the procurement of conditions that will enable all the nations of Europe, allies and enemies alike, to pay their way. It is a sound instinct, therefore, that is leading the British and French and Italian Governments, in conjunction with their principal financiers and traders, to consider how best they may help the vanquished Teutonic and Slavonic peoples on to their feet again.

Importance of Domestic and Industrial Peace

None the less, I believe that one of the best services we can render, not only to ourselves but to the whole world, is to put our own house in order, and to show that Great Britain has the strength and self-denial and the sagacity to weather these anxious years of peace as triumphantly as she fought through the war. To do that we need, first of all, domestic and industrial peace and a true view of what is sound. Given a spirit of concord and a willingness to work on the part of all classes, a realization that things are not now as they were during the last few years, there are no national losses that cannot be retrieved and no problems so seemingly insoluble that they cannot be reduced to quite manageable proportions. Secondly, we need to resume touch with economic realities, to understand that a perpetuation of the unrest and ill-will which brought about the disaster of the coal strike can only mean that in a very few years this country will lose her commercial and financial supremacy, and to acknowledge, and to act on the acknowledgment, that to hold our own we must do as we always have done in the past, produce better goods at a lower cost than any of our competitors. These two supreme desiderata—industrial peace and the recognition of economic facts—are never in my opinion going to be brought about by governmental action, but by individual employers and individual workmen and trade union leaders taking counsel together, and approaching their common problems with a real desire to find a solution.

Popular Belief of Governmental Extravagance

There are, however, ways in which the Government can powerfully assist or very materially retard the progress of the nation towards convalescence. For instance, it can economize. The popular belief is very nearly right which declares that governmental extravagance lies close to the root of our present ailments;

and that belief quite recently has found unmistakable electoral expression of the kind that governments as a rule find it better not to ignore. Here, again, I may be sanguine, but I do get the impression that the public demand for a more thrifty use of the public funds is producing an effect, and ministers are realizing the necessity of allowing control of expenditure to govern policy, and that all light-hearted schemes of "social reform" and of bureaucratic expansion are likely to be more and more judged by the simple test of whether we can afford them. With a debt of 8,000 millions round our necks, even if we are to get 2,000 millions from Germany in the next 40 years, we can't afford to go in for a new heaven and a new earth in these islands if we are to keep solvent. We have got to tax the people to the extent of 1,000 millions a year to pay our way, or five times as much as we taxed them before the war, and if we don't work and economize we shall be bankrupt.

Banks and Restriction of Credit

Complaints are heard that the banks are restricting credit. What does restriction of credit mean? It means that the mercantile community and the public generally are being called upon to hand over to the Government enormous sums in cash in payment of income tax, super tax, excess profits duty, corporation tax and death duties. And to meet these payments they are obliged to draw on their bank balances to realize both stocks of goods and securities on which the banks have given advances, and the banks naturally are obliged to reduce their advances proportionately. The banks are not to blame for the restriction of credit. Their figures are open to the public. It is the burden of taxation which is drying up the liquid resources of the country. There is also the old story—so long as a Government goes on borrowing freely and spending lavishly there is a false sense of prosperity, and when the borrowing is no longer possible and the spending comes to an end, the slump follows, and that is what we are in a great measure suffering from to-day. Before we are done with it the excess profits duty alone will have taken 1,100 millions out of industry which would otherwise have been invested in reproductive work and development. It will take some time to replenish what has been destroyed.

THE GREAT TEMPTATION

THE idea that we must follow the general easy trend—do as other people do, follow the line of least resistance—will lead and must lead to the permanent living of life on a low plane and to a grave deterioration of character. The satisfied are the damned. The question every young man and young woman should ask is: "What are my obligations to human society? Here it is, this wonderful complex, this amazing plasm into which I have come. All existing institutions represent struggle, martyrdom, self-sacrifice, adventure into the unknown and faith. Civilization is a bequeathment of the noble to me. Shall not I in turn be noble? Or shall I slump; eat of the lotus or inhale the poppy; grow spineless, characterless, indolent, parasitic—a dead weight of selfishness to be carried along by someone—I don't really care by whom? Shall I, instead of adding to, take from, and become one of the innumerable fools whose bills the wise are forced to pay?"

The great temptation is the tendency to revert to the animal type: the great struggle and adventure is to create new and beautiful

forms of spiritual character. The fiddler-crab has lost its power to fight because at some time or another an ancestor discovered that he could make use of the discarded shell of the periwinkle, and so, being safe in his nacreous fortress, his mandibles became enfeebled and he lost his virility as a crab. Always there is coming to us the sinister whisper, "Don't be so exacting in honor or so high in your aims! Shade your ideals down to practical requirements! Idealism without a breakfast is absurd! You must admit that! Be just a little politic! After all we shall pass through Vanity Fair but once and why not enjoy the show? We are all imperfect and it is an imperfect world. Since this is so why not renounce ideals and accept London?" The subtlety of this argument is, of course, that we must compromise all along the road of life: the rotten fallacy at the heart of it is that it ingores the splendid truth that there is such a thing as a noble compromise. We may compromise on non-essentials, but never on essentials. "If," said John Stuart Mill in reply to Dean Mansell, "I am to go to hell for believing that thought in God is different from thought in man then to hell I go." Jesus had to compromise. He said on one occasion, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." But He also said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

To this supplication of the animal, "All these things will I give unto you if you but bow down and worship me," there is but one reply for the noble spirit touched with a feeling of chivalry and sympathy—"Get thee behind me, Satan!" And this, thank God, has always been the reply of the noble. The animal type of man has not bequeathed civilization. He has been the destroyer of civilization, and he is the destroyer at this hour. The rotten politician—the desperate political trickster—adds nothing to civilization: neither does the financial parasite, nor the buzzard of the yellow press, nor the ruthless trust magnate, nor the cynical decadent poet or philosopher or literary man, nor the empty-headed social butterfly, nor the paid priest of an outworn and discredited superstition, nor the military tigers who turned Europe into a shambles. These have all listened to the temptation of the brute, and casting their greedy, humid eyes over the kingdoms of this world, have bowed down and worshipped.

"Verily I say unto you," said Jesus, "they have received their reward." Having fulfilled the conditions of a mean and cheap success well, they have it! It is a reward for which the noble do not care. "What will you do if the revolution in Russia should prove successful?" asked a clumsy, ill-bred German at a dinner-table at which the writer once sat in Oxford of a little Russian maid of illustrious descent. "I would still strive with God's help to be noble in heart," came the clear and crushing reply. The men and women who have bequeathed our civilization and all that it implies and

contains have been those who, in the hour of supreme animal temptation, have exclaimed, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

And civilization rests upon their shoulders at this very hour. The professor in college capable of original research, who repeats year in and year out the fundamental truths—old to him but new and startling to the ardent young spirits who come up every term—who, if he went into money-making, might easily die rich and settle all painful pecuniary problems; the pure scientist, intent on abstruse problems, sometimes at the risk of his life, to whom excessive wealth is a grotesque end of endeavor; the literary man who refuses to manufacture literature like soap, who beats out his phrases to the last cadence, seeking, seeking, always seeking the pearl of a perfect expression, revising like an iceberg, chiselling the fine gold of his thoughts to the utmost filigree of form; the poet who enters the magic palace of imagination, and whose lyric cry is the poignant last expression of humanity's desire; the tender physician who stands hushed and dumb in the presence of that awful mystery, the human body, and who binds up the torn ligaments and bleeding veins with a touch as soft as the caress of the south wind against the petal of a rose; the business man whose ledger is as clean as his conscience; the preacher who passes by the great temptation of popularity and flattery and ease, who feels in his soul that only a big man can fill a small place, who remembers that heads are not souls and earthly success is not spiritual victory, who raises his eyes above the mists and damps of earth, where all values are distorted, to the clear blue heavens of reason, righteousness and love, and who is well content to lift men and women into the heavenly place and leave them there to the silent ministry of the spirit of God—all these, who form the living core of any civilization worth while have, at some time or another, listened to the seductive, beguiling temptation of the animal and have cried out with a loud and defiant voice, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

THE first year of *The Onlooker* is drawing to a close and our subscribers are gently reminded that renewals are in order. *The Onlooker* was not started as a business proposition, though if it keeps growing, even at its present rate, it may, in a modest way, become one. The editor did not calculate that a magazine, not in a position to solicit advertisements (though some were forced upon it by generous friends) could possibly become an immediate commercial success. He was prepared to pay for the luxury of speaking his whole mind in public, and does not regret his decision. He has received from Boston to Seattle and Edmonton to Florida warm letters of thanks and goodwill. This must be his reward. Amid

the mass of correspondence he can recall but two or three letters of disapproval. One written in green ink and signed "Erin," while denunciatory of the sentiments sought to be conveyed commented, in terms too flattering to be here produced, on the editor's "style."

A man who speaks his honest mind may lament mistakes of judgment or regret errors based upon insufficient data, but he need never be ashamed of any deliverance welling up spontaneously from the depths of his moral nature. The editor of *The Onlooker* has stated his convictions in many a previous paragraph. He has nothing to retract and nothing to be ashamed of, and, at this moment, as when he penned the first line of his venture, he is responsible to no outside influence. Canada and the welfare of Canada is the first consideration in all that he thinks or writes. Praise or blame to your heart's content, messieurs, but do not forget to subscribe.

Should *The Onlooker* ever realize the success that fond well-wishers predict and become (and surely there is room!) a great organ of Imperial expression—a common meeting-ground for the master-minds of the Empire—and should funds be available, the editor will seek out and *pay* the brightest minds of Canada. He has no desire to monopolize. He seeks to feed the soul, the higher life of this young and vigorous democracy. There is room for the ideal magazine he has in view, and never more so than at this hour.

In conclusion, may he draw the attention of his readers to the incomparably lovely poem by Mr. Wilson MacDonald, entitled "Ylette and Yvonne," in this number. Just to be in a position to give publicity to such a masterpiece of verse is compensation enough for many hours of strenuous thought and toil. He herewith returns hearty thanks to the author for permission to republish. We will even venture to say that Mr. MacDonald has achieved immortality at one stroke. He has given the heart a permanently beautiful memory.

YLETTE AND YVONNE

(By Wilson MacDonald)

Ylette was born the same day as Yvonne:
And one is with us still and one is gone.
And which one was the lovelier none could say,
For each was lovely in her own sweet way.
And some would say Yvonne was fair and yet
Less lovely than Ylette.
And some would say Ylette was fair, but shone
Less clearly in her beauty than Yvonne.

My garden was the place
That seemed to suit their grace,
And if my flaming bushes missed a rose
I knew two roses less would there unclose.
For it was true
What one would do the other maid would do.
And both at work and play
What one would say the other maid would say,
And no one ever saw them walk apart,
For each was keeper of the other's heart.

Along the sands I've traced their footsteps four
Like dimples in the shore;
And found each youthful gypsy with her hand
Plunged in a well of sand;
And watched them dig with ardour that they might
Free some imprisoned lover from his plight;
For every hidden place where they would look
Was filled with faces from some fairy book.

And so the saying grew:
"What one will do the other maid will do."
And it was sweet to see
The kinship of their movement's artistry;
And in this age when comradeship is rare
To hear their steps go rhyming up the stair.

One day Yvonne brushed down
A treasured plant for which I gained renown
And in the sudden moment of my wrath
I drove her from my path.
And as she went with eyes and spirit wet
I saw the dear Ylette
Run to her side and weep as though her heart
Had all been torn apart.
And then I learned the hasty words I'd sown
Had hurt two buds far lovelier than my own.

But God, who knew the saying to be true:
"What one will do the other maid will do,"
Saw the great grief that one sure day would start
When both their loves would centre on one heart,
And, fearing for the sorrow of that day,
He took Yvonne away.

To-night there was a storm,
But, snug and warm,
In folds of down was wrapped Ylette's fair form.
And as she slept
Her mother crept
And kissed her lips and eyes and hair and wept.
And, in her sleep, the child
Reached out her arms and smiled.

"What one will do the other maid will do,"
And it was true.
Yvonne reached out her arms in heaven too:
And, hearing in the depths below those kisses,
Knew there are earthly joys an angel misses.

Port Dover, Nov. 6, 1920.

YO EL REY

James Cobourg Hodgins

Ten thousand men went forth to war—
Cavalry, infantry, bold hussar.
Ten thousand thousand followed them—
A mighty torrent naught could stem.
They fought from morn till dewy eve,
And thousands on the field did leave,
And desolate was hearth and hall,
And horror on the land did fall.
The people cried by day and night,
Half-mad with terror, wild with fright,
"Who was it loosed this dreadful thing?"
And then you thundered: "I—The King!"

A lover loved a dainty lass.
He thought all paradise did pass
When she tripped down the village street
Decked out in linen fine and sweet.
And she returned his ardent love,
And threw the swain her dainty glove
In face of all the world. One day
She passed from his dear world away.
She flaunts it now in palace grand,
Courtesan known of all the land.
Within her lover's soul doth ring
One ghastly phrase—'Tis, "I—The King!"

Out where the mountains tower on high
A structure rose into the sky.
It was a whim, but thousands worked
To raise it up, and he who shirked
Was built into the walls. At last
From base to soaring dome so vast
It seemed to float in upper air.
The plan was finished to a hair.
The king tired of his toy; the owl
And bat that glory did befoul.
Lo, one to muttered threats did fling
This mocking answer: "I—The King!"

The king rode forth one summer day,
All in the merry month of May.
They chased the stag and speared the boar.
The king rode on in lust for more
Of slaughter, but he rode alone—
The rest out-distanced, horses blown
Gave up the pace. A road yawned wide.
Into the forest he did ride.
A shape in armour barred his way
With visor down, lance couched for fray—
"Who art thou that doth threatening bring?"
He cried—Death answered—"I—The King!"

Editorial Note:—Aldecadabra on page 7 March Number should, of course, be Abracadabra.

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